The Utahnian

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A TYPE OF UTAH YOUNG WOMANHOOD.

MISS LEAH DUNFORD, OF SALT LAKE CITY.
Prominent in Educational and Musical Affairs.

THE UTAHNIAN.

P. DONAN, EDITOR.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

A sentimental exchange exclaims: "How beautiful is truth!" Yes, and in American politics and journalism, how scarce.

Fargo fruit-dealers find six-feet-long snakes in their banana bunches—and Fargo is in North Dakota—and North Dakota is a prohibition state!

Randolph, Kansas, has a citizen named Moddelhog. The Model Hog of the United States—in the sense of being the biggest—has a stye and rooting-ground at Buzz rd's Bay.

Judge Goodwin's reply, in The Tribune of Wednesday morning, to the flippant goldbuggery questions of Eli Perkins, suggested a huge circus elephant setting his foot down on a dusty-road tumblebug.

The Shoshone Journal sums up the Idaho political situation in this one brief word from the language of the gentle savages, who preceded the present breed in that cataractic region: "Demo-popo-fusio-republico-bingo-bango-damfino-o-o-o."

The life or death of the republic, the freedom or enslavement of the nation, hangs in all probability on the result of this contest. The patriots are on one side—the goldbugger anarchists, monarchists and hellions, on the other! Where do You stand?

The New York World—the recognized organ of the bagnios, the hoodlums and the criminals of the new-world Babylon—maintains that "the Chinese are the most profoundly moral race upon the globe." Chinese morality and that of Gotham's journalistic scavenger-carts, are off the same leprous piece.

That monumental free-luncher and retailer of wormy chestnuts, Chauncey Depew, says all the lying rumors of rows among the Vanderbilts originate in Wall Street, for stock-jobbing purposes. Chauncey knows his fellow-pirates. They are liars, as well as thieves, and they are doing their "level d—dest" in this campaign.

Old Democratic National Committee Chairman Arkansaw Jones declares himself "highly encouraged" by the result in Maine. If 50,000 republican majority is "highly encouraging" to this antediluvian ass, 100,000 majority against him and his party would doubtless have made him stand on his tail, and wave his amplitudinous ears, in triumphant jubilation.

J. H. Bennett, formerly of the Rio Grande Western railroad, has just had a lively epistolary skirmish with one of his old Lansing, Michigan, chums, who is a cantankerous goldbugger. The Utahnian, next week, will have a paragraph or two in regard to the controversy. It thinks the Michigander has the worst of the discussion—but he is a bright and clever fellow, all the same.

Governor Thornton, of New Mexico, in a published card, denounces Congressional Delegate Tom Catron as "a liar, scoundrel and poltroon." The governor doubtless knows his man. Catron was too long a partner of that embodiment of all dastardly infamies, Steve Elkins—now, the fit representative of West Virginia moonshiners, bushwhackers and banditti, in the United States senate—to be anything else than a rascal.

Since The Montgomery Advertiser became a Buffalo-Beast organ, The Journal is the only democratic paper in the Alabama capital—and it is a good one. Some of its recent obituaries are as funny specimens of graveyard melody, as any of those that once gave post-mortem fame and fortune to The Philadelphia Ledger, and wreathed the noble brow of George Washington Childs with the fadeless immortelles of America's cadaver laureate.

The Tribune regretfully says: "Murat Halstead has joined the ranks of the foolish." Not a bit of it. He was born there. From the days, when he denounced Abraham Lincoln, as "a vulgar buffoon," and Ulysses Grant, as "a drunken imbecile," and the memorable period, when he undertook to teach Von Moltke and Bismarck the art of war, down to his last Standard-Union editorial jackassery on the goldbugger side of the money question, he has been an irredeemable descendant of Balaam's saddle-pony, whose entire intellect runs to fat and goatees.

The Honorable Scipio A. Kenner would be hard to please, if he were not considerably more than satisfied with the notices his press brethren are giving him and his paper. The Great Campaign is a great campaigner; and, like the illustrious gentleman, whose name he bears, Scipio believes in "carrying the war into Africa." He has drawn the sword, and thrown away the scabbard. Wherever he sees a goldbugger head, he strikes it. His printermatical work is good, and his illustrations excellent; and, altogether, his Campaign seems bound to succeed—whether his cause and ticket win or not.

In another column is a charming little greeting sent to The Utahnian, from the summit of the Alps, by Miss Myrtle McGrew, of St. Louis. This paragraph in regard to her, taken from The Utahnian of July 25, is going the rounds of the press of the United States, and has just appeared simultaneously in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and The Chicago Chronicle:

"A young American girl who has lately been attracting a good deal of attention in Europe, is Miss Myrtle McGrew, of St. Louis. Her portrait by a celebrated French artist, was shown at the last Paris salon. She is only eighteen years old. She is very beautiful, and abroad has had dukes and counts without end in her train, but she is said still to prefer the plain American mister to the European nobleman."

When that dilapidated old fossil of the confederate saurian age, Arkansaw Jones, was announced as chairman of the national democratic committee, The Utahnian vigorously protested, that it was a blunder worse than a crime. Every day since has emphasized the fact. He is a Rip Van Winkle of forty years ago. He is a relic of before-the-war. He has never had an idea of later date than Appomattox. He is a perpetual swinger of the late Colonel Samson's favorite weapon—the jawbone of an ass; and he does not have to go outside of the corporation limits of his own bag-kneed breeches to find it. He has, so far, managed Bryan's campaign like a Coxey starvation-army raid. The press dispatches of Thursday morning brought a report, that he is to be retired, and that Gorman is to take his place. It is to be hoped the rumor may prove true. Gorman is an unprincipled scoundrel, but he does know how to keep his mouth shut, and how to conduct a political fight. Anybody, anything, to rid the cause of right and the people of a garrulous incubus like Old Granny Jones!

UTAH GILSONITE.

John Flinn's Chicago Observer is as sassy as a pickaninny in persimmon time. In its issue of last Saturday, it sasses one of the few gentlemen Grover Cleveland ever succeeded in inveigling into a cabinet association with His Beastliness. As all the gilsonite deposits, so far as known, in the United States, are in Utah; and, as a gilsonite deposit means miles on miles of the purest asphaltum in the world, what Flinn and The Observer have to say has a local interest of good, big proportions. Here it is:

"They tell me that one of the first duties which Dave Francis, new secretary of the interior, encountered when he reached Washington was the crushing of a trust of which Dave Francis, of St. Louis, was a leading and managing part. This unholy combine, of which the St. Louis Dave Francis was the beneficiary, wanted to control the gilsonite deposits on the Indian reservations, and the new secretary of the interior, Dave Francis, wanted the government to get the benefit of them. It is said that the lands capable of yielding a gilsonite income are worth $500,000 a year and it is too much money for Secretary Dave Francis to give up without a struggle, to Dave Francis, monopolist. And a tremendous conflict is going on around the chair Hoke Smith used to fill. The daily newspapers say, that if Secretary Francis can get the backing of government in the matter, he will throw down monopolist Francis in the matter of the gilsonite deposits, and will try to bring in enough money to meet another bond issue if President Cleveland shall feel compelled or impelled to make one. No one imagined how rich were the Indian lands in gilsonite deposits, and as soon as Secretary Francis imparted this information, which he had secured from monopolist Francis, the government felt it could get along all right on its own resources, and so ceased borrowing money, trouble or anything but bail. All of which is very cheering news, in which Secretary Francis and Monopolist Francis appear to equally good advantage. It is something to know that something in the country can be made to yield an income to the government. But if it is located on Indian lands I hereby record the prophecy that the government will not get that money. Gilsonite deposits are, of course, subject to exceptional rules; but if there is a chance for this nation to realize $500,000 a year, and an equally good chance for that sum to go to private citizens, or an aggregation of them, then we won't get it—gilsonite or no gilsonite. But, in the name of all the cyclopedias at once, what is a gilsonite deposit, anyway?"

Under the head of "Art in Utah," The Springville Independent of September 11 says: "Another evidence has been furnished of the high standard of the divine art in Utah. At the National Eisteddfod in Denver, Utah artists and organizations took the first prizes in all the contests they entered for. The Utahnian says:

'What genuine Utahnian—Gentile or Mormon, Catholic or Protestant, Christian, Jew or Pagan—can help feeling his heart swell with pride, as he reads and hears of the magnificent triumph of the great Tabernacle Choir at Denver? Think of the vast audiences of from ten to fifteen thousand people, at one of the grandest musical festivals ever held in the west, rising to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and cheering themselves hoarse and husky, every time those three hundred gloriously-trained and melodious voices 'sing the songs of Zion,' as only they can sing them! From Logan to St. George, the very mountains and everlasting hills should clap their hands in lofty exultation!'

This same talent runs in greater or less degree through every village, town and ward of Utah. It is but natural that music should be one of the chief recreating and soul-inspiring elements of Utah's masses, for in the earliest days of her history, after work was done, the wheezy violin, shrill flute or cracked accordeon was brought out, and the music-lovers of each party were soon drawn hither, and oftentime their musical voices were made into a grand harmony, sometimes supplemented by a rythmic dance. All of this was a most potent factor in the foundation of a musical talent, which we think, if neglected—especially in our children—is almost a crime."

DONAN HOT SHOT.

Under this heading The Arkadelphia (Arkansas) Southern Standard, edited by Colonel Adam Clark, formerly president of the Arkansas Press Association, in its issue of September 4, says:

The following pointers are clipped from The Salt Lake Utahnian, a publication of which our talented friend, Colonel P. Donan, of the United States of America, is editor:

"Silver and Salvation—or—Gold and Gohellibus!

Bryan or Bankruptcy! That is the whole question in three words.

The rallying-cry of the west and south is: In God—and Silver—we Trust! With gold alone we'll bust—and devil take the pieces.

Forward the standards of freedom—free coinage, free country, free men! Down with the goldbugger usurpers and anarchists!

Down with goldbugs and goldbuggery, anarchists and anarchy! Down with the Mosts and Morgans, Clevelands, Shermans, Markhannas and Barabbases.

Money that was good enough to pay the presidential salaries of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, ought to be good enough for the big-girthed Beast of Buzzard's Bay.

A shower of hot ashes and stones is reported as having fallen in West Virginia. Hell is evidently on top in that benighted region, since the infamous star-route thief, Steve Elkins, selected it as his home.

John G. Carlisle and John Most, Henry Watterson and 'The Money-Devil' trot together beautifully in the Markhanna-Mackinley goldbugger four-in-hand team. Kentucky should be proud of her high-steppers on the hellward track.

It would have been thousands of millions of dollars in the pockets of the people of this country, if Grover Cleveland and John Sherman had been born twins—both girls—and both had died, of whooping-cough or measles, before they were weaned.

Every trust-and-monopoly-made multimillionaire, every railroad-wrecker, every Wall Street blackleg and pirate, and every gold-gambler in Europe and America, are for McKinley. What these fellows are for, is a good thing for the people to be against.

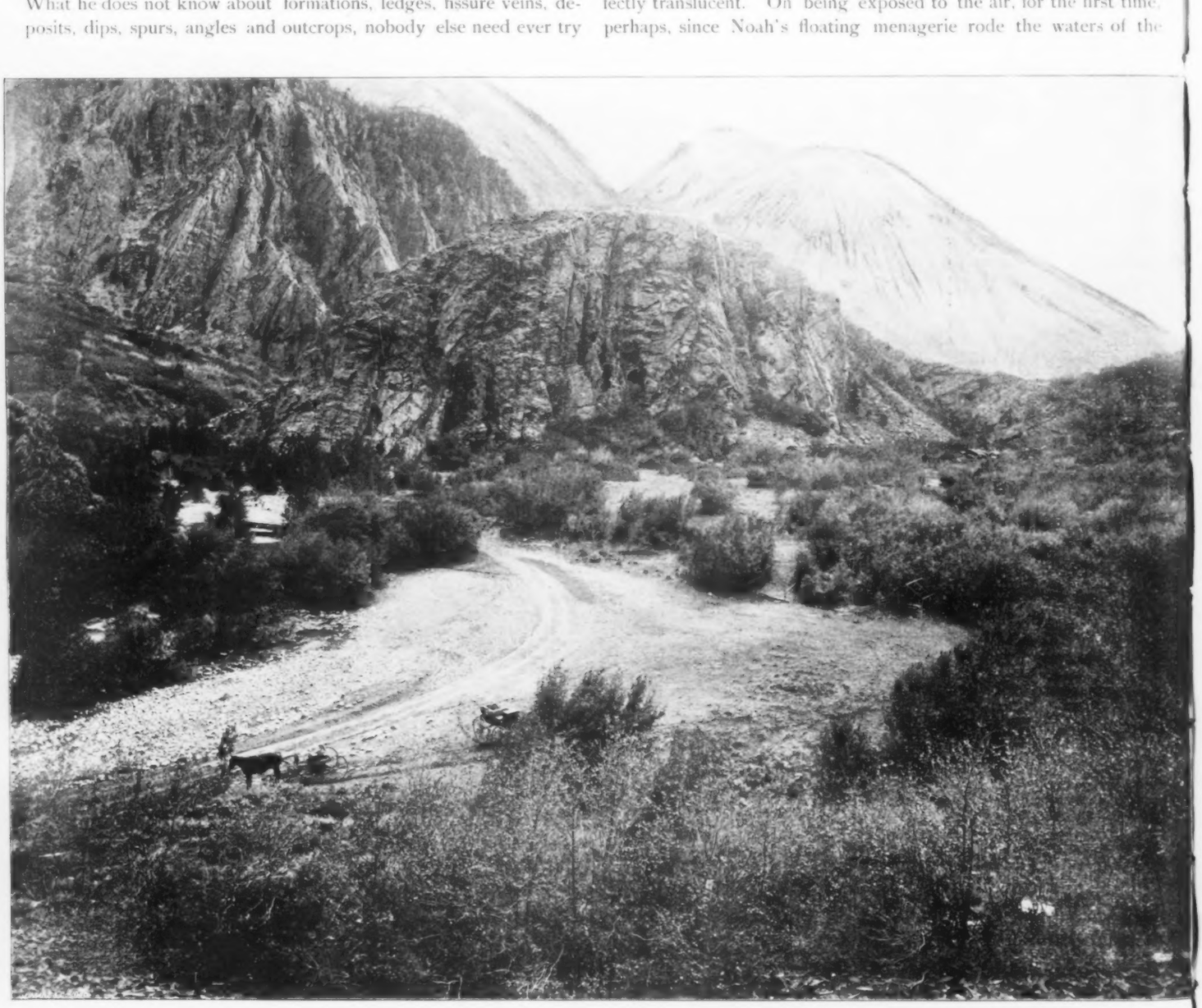
Are the horrors and disgusts of this campaign never to end? That side-whiskered descendant of Balaam's saddle-pony, Byron Andrews, is going to publish another biography of McKinley. Added to Robert P. Porter's similar labor of lucre, this is at least two too many.

With Bankrupt McKinley at the head of a Bankrupt Government, and $12,000,000,000 of national, state, county, municipal and corporational debts to be doubled in gold, the outlook for the next four years might be electrotyped, as a topographical map and official guide-book of hell with the lid off.

The people of a Missouri town recently declined to pay Bob Ingersoll two hundred dollars to squirt hell out for them. They are about right. If, as he says there is none, there is no need of paying him to squench it; and, if there is one, his fire-engine is hardly big enough to do much good. Bob's notoriety is on the wane, and it is well that it is."

The Logan Journal is the first paper in Utah to adopt the correct spelling of the word denoting a citizen of this state. In its issue of September 10, it speaks of "Utahnians." The Utahnian extends "the glad hand" to its up-to-date contemporary of the northern tier. There is no sense or significance in "Utonian"—unless it swaps an "n" for a "p." Then it becomes "Utopian," and is as unreal and unearthly as goldbug assurances and hopes of financial betterment with the election of Mark Hanna and Nathan Rothschild—alias McKinley and Hobart.

As "Old Tim Driscoll," he is known in every mining camp from Alaska to Peru and Chili, from the Yukon to the Caucas and the Orinoco. He is a character, whose like is fast becoming obsolete. His genus will soon be as extinct as the ichthyosaurus, the dodo, or the American patriot statesman. He is a typical "Old Forty-Niner;" an ideal prospector, miner and frontiersman, of the days of border romance and chivalry—true as steel, generous to profligacy, brave to the bone, and ready to take the risk of his life, "at the drop of a hat," for any one to whom his faith has been pledged. What he does not know about formations, ledges, fissure veins, deposits, dips, spurs, angles and outcrops, nobody else need ever try to learn. He has found many of the world's great mines—and, in every instance, been left on the chill wayside by his own trustfulness, or the knavery of more worldly-wise associates. But he still works on with pick and drill, hammer, spade and good brown jug; and he has recently struck rich possibilities in at least two prospects. To doubt Tim's word is to insure "war to the knife," and on the spot. But he has just come back with a story that would be a heavy tax on Utahnian credulity—if anybody told it but "Old Tim." What he says "goes"—though all the world says no. A few days ago, the men, who are sinking a shaft on the Intrinsic mine near Mercur, of which Tim is superintendent and part owner, struck a curiosity in nature that has made science scratch her head ever since. At a depth of two hundred and seventy feet, in solid blue limestone, they put in a blast and blew out a live frog unlike any of his kinsmen on earth today. The dynamite cartridge tore open a small cavity filled with water in the vast mass of stone, and disclosed the frog wounded unto death. It was about two inches long, of a soft, flesh color, and almost perfectly translucent. On being exposed to the air, for the first time, perhaps, since Noah's floating menagerie rode the waters of the Flood, the queer little survivor of a long-forgotten world turned as green as an emerald; then crimson spots appeared upon it, glowing through the verdancy; and finally it died, like a dolphin, in a blaze of many-tinted pain—all hues of the rainbow chasing each other over its tiny body, as it gasped away its life of five thousand years ago. It seems a great pity it could not have been secured and preserved for the examination and mystification of the learned and the curious. There is no doubt as to the truth of the story, for "Old Tim" tells it—and the whisky in the camp that day was the customary brand.



"RESERVOIR BASIN." Looking down stream with "Tunnel Ridge" in the foreground.
Big Cottonwood Power Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

"THE PROMISED LAND."

Utah, the Fair and Fertile, as Seen Through the Eyeglasses of a Maryland Magazine Meanderer.

A Lengthy and Interesting Sketch of the "Mountain-Walled Treasury of the Gods," Its Soil, Climate, Agriculture, Horticulture, Stock-Raising and Mining.

The Maryland Farmer, a handsome eighty-page magazine published in Baltimore, in its issue for July contains this extensive and elaborate article on the Holy Land and its riches and glorious possibilities:

Leaving Denver, Colorado, on the Denver and Rio Grande railway, you are in due time landed at Grand Junction, a distance of 456 miles from your starting point, and the eastern terminus of the Rio Grande Western, whose western terminus is 328 miles away at Ogden, Utah. Grand Junction is appropriately named, being the junction of four lines of railway, and located near the confluence of the Gunnison and Grand rivers, Colorado. Thirty-four miles from Grand Junction you reach Utahline, the boundary line of Utah and Colorado, which is marked by a straight line on the rocks, thus—Utah | Colorado; these rocks are plainly discerned from the car windows on the left going east. Speeding on for a distance of seventy-one miles you come to Green river, a town which takes its name from the river, a majestic and navigable stream which has its confluence with the Grand river, some ninety miles below, where they form the Colorado river. Crossing Green river you are in the Great Desert, which has its beginning at Price, a town sixty-four miles distant. This desert is being steadily but surely reclaimed by the introduction of irrigating ditches, ramifying throughout its vast area, and what has heretofore been a barren waste is now being turned into fertile farms and orchards, where all kinds of fruits, sweet potatoes, peanuts, etc., grow luxuriantly. Price is the diverging point for the Uintah and Uncompahgre Indian reservations soon to be thrown open to settlement. Passing on a distance of eleven miles you reach Castle Gate, where one of the most striking and beautiful points of scenic interest in Utah is located. Near this point are the celebrated Castle Gate coal mines, and stretched along the track can be seen eighty coke-ovens in full blast. A ride of twenty-one miles brings you to Soldier Summit, where the line crosses the Wasatch range. The altitude at this point is 7,454 feet On this summit a soldier of Albert Sidney Johnston's army is buried. Twenty-five miles further on you arrive at Thistle, the junction point of the San Pete and Sevier Valley branches. This branch carries you through the entire length of the fertile San Pete valley, dotted with prosperous rural towns and the surrounding country in good cultivation. Sevier is the terminus of this branch and is the shipping point for the great Marysvale gold-mining district. Springville, a sweet country town of Arcadian beauty, rich in fruits and vines, is fifteen miles from Thistle. Here a branch leaves the main line for Eureka (forty miles), the second largest mining camp in the state, and destined to become the Leadville of Utah. Provo is reached after a five-mile ride. This town is the seat of Utah county, and has the largest woolen mill in the state. The country around is famous for its fine fruits and vegetables. Silver and gold mines have recently been discovered in the mountains near by. Geneva is the next stopping place, situated on the shore of Utah Lake, a magnificent sheet of fresh water, about thirty by fifteen miles in extent. Geneva is a splendid bathing resort, with fine hotels. At American Fork, three miles to the west, is located the Utah beet-sugar factory, one of the largest in the United States, costing over a half-million dollars. Continuing on your route, passing Lehi and Riverton, you reach Jordan Narrows. Near this point the train crosses the famous Jordan river twice, and continuing on the line follows the Utah valley, through which the Jordan river flows, supplying the irrigating ditches which have made it possible for man to transform the sagebrush desert into well cultivated and exceedingly productive ranches, fruit orchards and gardens. The town of Murray is soon reached, situated in the Salt Lake valley. Located here are three of the largest smelting and refining plants in the west. Here, also, the gold, silver, lead and copper ores of Utah, Nevada, Idaho and western Colorado come for treatment. Wasatch, near by, is a pleasant summer-resort. We notice now in our coach the beginning of a busy preparation among the passengers, a general making ready for an exodus, for it is but a few miles run before the train will pull up at great Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah—the end for the present of our journey. This renowned city has now a population in round numbers of sixty thousand souls, and is growing rapidly. It is not in our province or intention to describe in detail the sights and characteristics of this wonderful place, with its magnificent Mormon temple, fine hotels, impressive surroundings and grand thoroughfares, nor its stately buildings, handsome residences and substantial stores. Our mission is to give the readers of The Maryland Farmer an insight into the climate, resources, productions and agricultural possibilities of this marvelous new state of Utah. We have followed the line off the great railroad of the state, which has done so much towards the development of this territory now bloomed into the forty-fifth state, and one of the greatest Aggregation of States in the world—we have traversed its route from its eastern terminus to Salt Lake City, and have only to say that the road continues thirty-seven miles further westward to its terminus at Ogden, the second city in Utah, lying at the foot of the Wasatch mountains and surrounded by marvelously rich agricultural and mining resources. The Rio Grande Western railroad from Ogden to Grand Junction is one of constant surprises and delights, the scenery at times magnificent and always interesting and wonderful. The equipment is all that could be desired for comfortable travel and the service excellent. The state of Utah is two hundred and seventy-five miles in width, and three hundred and forty-five miles in length. Its land area is 84,970 square miles, or 52,601,600 acres; its water area is 2,700 square miles or 1,776,200 acres. It is larger than the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and Delaware. As a whole, Utah is a vast, habitable domain; verdant vales, and open, prolific prairies, furnishing easy sustenance for a large population, of which but the vanguard has yet located itself in this land of health and plenty. Among the first things to attract your attention, for it is the foundation of all that is good and lasting in a community, is its educational and school system. Every homeseeker is interested in the education of his children, and nowhere is there a system so universally conceded to be competent and complete as in Utah. Public schools are in every community, free to all. The school buildings are new and commodious, the instruction the best that can be found. In Salt Lake City all text books are furnished by the city. The schools are open to every one, and as free and pure as the air we breathe.

The climate is one of great equability. There is no other region as dry and as elevated as this where the daily range of temperature is so small. It is not the cold in winter time, nor the hot summer time, that tries the health of human beings, but it is the sudden and extreme changes of temperature that are so hard to bear, and which wreck the health. It takes several days in Utah for the temperature to change forty degrees, while there are places in the east where such a change takes place in an hour or two. There is scarcely any dew in this country, so that the nights are as dry as the days. There is no rainy season, but showers all through the summer; no fogs or drizzling rains, nor fierce and cold winds, and, on the average, three hundred and fifteen days out of the year are clear and fair. The pure sparkling water which flows from the snow-beds on the mountain ranges has much to do with preserving

the health of its citizens. There are no cyclones, blizzards, sand storms, tornadoes or earthquakes in Utah. The velocity of the wind is less in winter than in summer. High winds are very rare. There are no damp winds. The relative humidity is 48.3. Sunstrokes are unknown, malaria is extremely rare, and the winter days, however cold, are invigorating. The temperature has exceeded one hundred degrees but three times in twenty-four years. From September until Christmas the sun shines perpetually, andout-of-door exercise is delightful. The most favorable climatic properties are dryness, coolness and equability. The people of Utah are a robust and long-lived people.

The system of irrigating the soil is by means of canals, which are run from the larger streams, carrying sufficient water to irrigate vast tracts of land; or the mouths of canal streams are dammed as reservoirs. The canals are then subdivided into branch canals and these again into laterals leading to every farm. Each farmer has canals leading from the main one to every field, and generally along the whole length of the upper side of each field. Each field has little furrows a foot or more apart and parallel with each other. Into these furrows the water is turned, one or more at a time as is necessary. The total cost in Utah, under the irrigation process, whereby a full crop is insured, is much less than three dollars an acre, and the water right is increasing in value yearly. Irrigated land does not deteriorate in quality; the water carries with it elements which restore or add to its fertility.

The cultivated districts of Utah are in valleys and lie between the mountain ranges throughout the state. So much has been done in the past few years to conquer the deserts of the Great Basin, that it is not safe to say that any land in the state is truly of a desert nature. The soil is charged with natural fertilizers, rich, deep and vigorous. It is so permeated with calcium-phosphate and other chemicals which nature requires to invigorate and sustain the crops and fruits of the fields, that artificial fertilizers are unknown within the borders of the state. That subtle something which replaces the missing ingredients in the soil, is supplied in the waters of irrigation. The soil and climate are well adapted to the cultivation and growth of wheat. In 1894 the average per acre was twenty-two bushels. The Agricultural College report showed for the same year on irrigated lands twenty-nine bushels. The quality of the grain is equal to that of any grown in America. The annual production approaches 3,000,000 bushels. In 1889 The American Agriculturist offered a prize of $500 to the farmer raising the largest crop of wheat to the acre in any place in the United States. This prize was secured by William Gibby, who raised on the outskirts of Salt Lake City eighty bushels and six pounds of clean wheat on one acre of ground. Over 35,000 acres of oats are under cultivation. The grain is heavy and full—the average yield is thirty-four bushels to the acre. Large farms have been known to yield eighty-five bushels to the acre. There was no barley exhibit at the World's Fair equal to that produced in Utah. It is very heavy—fifty to fifty-five pounds to the bushel, thin-skinned and in every way superior. The hot sultry nights which corn requires are not characteristic of the climate of Utah, therefore the state does not pose as a corn country. In some of the southern counties excellent crops are produced. In 1894 there were over 13,000 acres under cultivation.

The cultivation of the sugar-beet is destined to assume good proportions in Utah, the soil being specially adapted to their propagation. A factory is now in operation, near Lehi, capable of handling three hundred and fifty tons of beets a day, and turning out forty tons of refined sugar. The sugar is of the finest grade of granulated. A man who understands his business can grow thirty tons to the acre on good ground, at a cost not exceeding that of an acre of corn. The price paid at the mill is four dollars and a half a short ton—the highest price paid in the world. It will take 5,000 acres to feed the mill, and Utah alone consumes the utmost sugar output of such mills.

Alfalfa is the grass crop of the state. It grows everywhere, on ground too broken or strong for grain, and on rough ground that is too dry for other grasses. Excellent crops have been secured by merely clearing off the brush and casting the seed over the ground. Alfalfa will do well on ground that is too steep for a mowing machine, if only sufficient water can be got to it to give it a start. Such land would require twenty-five pounds of seed for timothy, for alfalfa not over five pounds are required. In the second year it will self-sow thinly. It does not thrive on cold and wet ground. The first season it should be cut as often as it is high enough to do so; the second crop will afford a little hay, the third cutting about half a crop, making about one whole crop for the season. The second year it will be as good as it ever becomes, and will give three strong crops, yielding on the average four or five tons to the acre. Often eight tons to the acre can be secured. More or less alfalfa is grown in every county of the state. Alfalfa once planted needs no re-sowing; it is cut each time when it is well in blossom. One seed has been known to throw out five hundred shoots. When left to seed it often reaches six feet. Many car-loads are annually exported. Utah alfalfa secured first prize at the World's Fair. Clover, timothy and red-top hay are grown in all parts of the state.

The late Secretary Rusk said: "Utah potatoes beat the world." The annual production is something over 1,500,000 bushels; its average in 1894 being one hundred and sixty-eight bushels. As high as eight hundred bushels to the acre have been recorded. As much as 1,800 bushels to the acre of carrots has been raised. Large quantities of cabbage, cauliflower and celery are yearly exported. All known garden vegetables grow luxuriantly. Tobacco, flax, hops and sorghum are produced to great advantage. In the southern part of the state cotton is a successful crop; the average is six hundred pounds to the acre, while that for the southern states is usually about a hundred and seventy pounds to the acre.

Nearly every county in the state produces fruit. Plums, German prunes, pears, apricots, cherries and grapes, of fine quality, are raised in immense quantities; strawberries and raspberries are both native to Utah; also red and black currants. In Washington county figs, pomegranates, grapes and other semi-tropical fruits thrive to perfection. With reasonable care, peaches are raised in all the lower altitude valleys. Great quantities of apples are raised in Weber and Utah counties and shipped to the markets of the east and north.

One of the principal pursuits in Utah is stock-raising. With low, warm valleys in a high state of cultivation, rolling hills and vast plains and prairies, this favored state is an ideal place in which the breeder and stock-raiser can profitably carry on a successful business. Bunch grass, protected by native timber, covers the hills and mountains, which are well watered. The ranges are absolutely free and the best land has not been seized by large corporations. The ranchmen turn their cattle in with those of their neighbors, each having his particular brand. In the spring time the cattle are taken to the hills, where they are left to roam at will. There they graze until the first snow comes in the fall, when the herds will drift home of their own accord. These cattle are then in good shape to be marketed. In many cases the cattle are kept over for the winter and spring markets; in this case they are turned on alfalfa fields to eat the third crop of this nutritious grass, and later on alfalfa hay which produces fat. The prices obtained for these steers are highly remunerative to the ranchmen. There has hardly been a winter of which there is a record, that hay-fed steers, weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, did not bring three dollars and fifty cents a hundred pounds, and cows two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a hundred pounds, in Salt Lake or Ogden. On a basis of four months feed it will take two tons and a half of alfalfa to the steer, or twelve dollars and fifty cents in hay and labor, rating the hay on a basis of five dollars a ton fed to the animal. Intelligent ranchmen will see at a glance that such prices, in the event of the steer weighing 1,200 pounds, which is a moderate weight for four months feeding, will net him twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents; and where he does his own labor, give him five dollars a ton clear for his hay, in his own yard. The above is a conservative and careful estimate, the weight of the cattle being put at a low point. Immense quantities of range cattle are shipped to the Missouri River and Chicago markets. Parties with small capital can find no better investment than to purchase, say, a hundred head of yearling steers, which can be bought readily at twelve dollars and fifty cents a piece, and grass and winter them until they are ready for the market at three years.

Sheep-raising is also a profitable business. The choicest flocks of lambs and mutton wethers are raised and fattened in Utah on native grasses only, and exported alive to Europe. In the fall the flock master dips his sheep and starts them to the western desert, which in reality is the winter feeding-ground annually of millions of sheep. In the spring the sheep are started for the summer range on the high mountains, where they find a lambing-ground and shearing-corrals. As the season advances they go higher into the mountains. In the fall they are in fine condition to be shipped to

the market. The following table from an actual transaction, shows what a man of small capital can do in the way of raising a flock of sheep. All the labor in this particular branch was done by a ranchman and one boy. The amount invested was $2,170.

1,000 yearling ewes at $1,75	$1,750.00
Wagon and horses	100.00
Supplies	100.00
Dipping, etc	100.00
Interest at 8 per cent.	120.00
Total	$2,170.00

These ewes were bought in the fall of the year, and within twelve months the following returns were made:

8,000 lbs. of wool at 7 cents	$ 560.00
1,000 lambs at $1.50	1,500.00
Total	$2,060.00

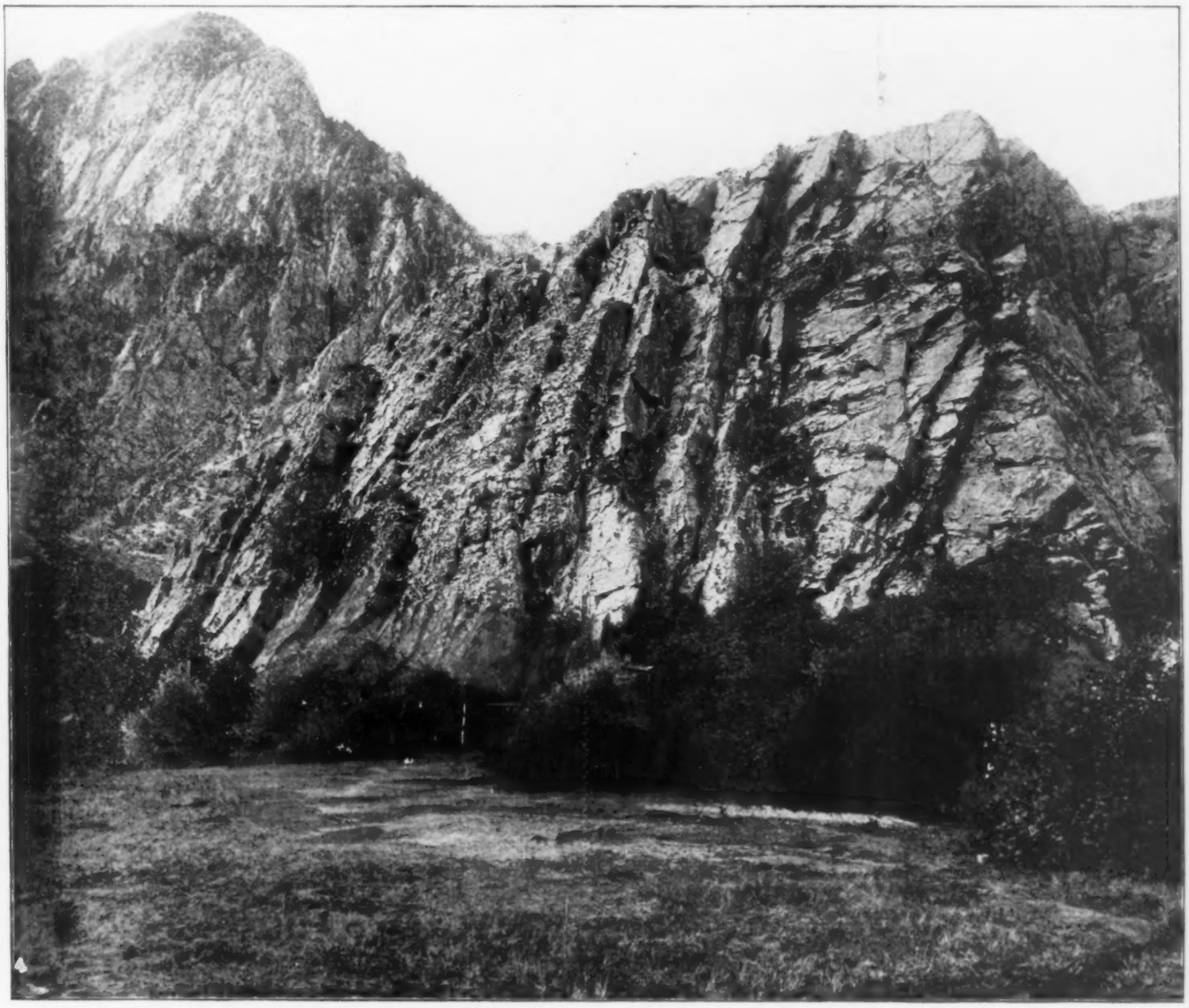
A clear amount of $2,060 the first year on an investment of $2,170, with original property yet in hand.

Farmers and stock-raisers have not yet gone extensively into the raising of hogs, but recent heavy demands for pork throughout the principal cities in the state have caused a number of ranchmen to embark in this enterprise. Over 8,000,000 pounds of pork were imported into Utah in 1895, mostly from Kansas and Nebraska.

Camp Floyd Mining district, taking its name from President Buchanan's secretary of war, in 1858, is a historic landmark. It was here at Fairfield, that Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, afterwards the famous confederate general, established his camp, and ended the memorable "Utah War." Around this camping-ground, in 1870, a few venturesome prospectors organized a mining district, under the appropriate name of "The Camp Floyd Mining District." In 1881, Arie Pinedo, a German, located the Mercur lode claim. Jos. Smith was the first to prove the gold values of the Mercur vein. In January, 1894, the Mercur mine, then embracing a hundred and forty acres, was bonded to Hon. E. R. Wolcott, now United States senator from Colorado, and associates, for $750,000 for three months. At the expiration of the bond an extension was asked but refused, and the Mercur company began the active working of the mine.

Today this fine property is not for sale at $3,000,000. The company now owns a hundred and sixty acres in a connected body covering the vein. In thickness the ore varies from ten to fifty feet. During 1895 some 50,000 tons were sent to the mill, which averaged twelve dollars to the ton, the metallic extraction being a fraction over eighty-three per cent.

Up to the middle of March, 1896, over $1,000,000 has been the



IN RESERVOIR BASIN, looking south, with Young's Peak in the foreground.

Big Cottonwood Power Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

yield from this ground, of which $500,000 has been distributed in dividends. The mill has a daily capacity of two hundred tons. New works are being put in, planned to ensure an ample ore supply for the four hundred ton mill now being constructed. No mine of modern times has excelled the Mercur in ore-producing results. With the new mill in operation, it is said the monthly premium to stockholders will be $50,000, which can be steadily maintained. The ores of the region are of two varieties, oxidized and arsenical, or base. Each is unique. For the most part, the ore has a yellowish cast, and there is but little iron. In some places the apparent thickness of the paying rock is phenomenal, due possibly to favorable local folding of the strata. A prominent army officer remarked: "At certain points of the mine the sagebrush forms the roof and the old lower silver ledge the floor of the gold-bearing ground." This would give an ore thickness of one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. It takes one's breath away to figure the number of tons of ore this means, or the number of dollars in hundreds of thousands, or millions for that matter. These gold fields have been termed "The Johannesberg of America." Next to the Mercur come the Marion mine and mill. This company owns eighty acres, with three miles of developed work underground. In 1895, 20,000 tons were mined. The Sunshine mine and town have budded forth since January, 1896. It is nearly four miles to the south of Mercur. It has the prospect of a successful future, and has a sixty-ton plant. There is not a trace of silver in the Sunshine ore. In addition to the mills spoken of, the Geyser and Sacramento each have a fifty-ton cyaniding plant. The five mines referred to have now a daily output of four hundred and fifteen tons with a daily gold product of $4,035.00.

The production of gold from the mines of Utah, from 1880 to 1895, amounted $8,252,096. The production of silver reached the enormous figure during the same time of 103,131,759 ounces. What it will be in the next sixteen years the brain of man will almost be unable to compute.

From a carefully prepared paper, recently read by Colonel J. W. Donnellan, president of the Salt Lake Mining exchange, this extract is taken: "With such wondrous mines at our very doors, it behooves our citizens to be up and doing. Let every one who can spare a little from his business or savings, set some idle man prospecting. It is a good time for the 'grub stake;' fill the Mercur country with prospectors. But, in grub-staking, prospecting and all mining ventures, we should use every precaution and care that a prudent business man would use in his ordinary business affairs. It is only by the exercise of thoughtful care, intelligent discrimination and prudence in the selection of men and means, that prospecting and mining can be brought up to the standard of a legitimate business."

T. R. Black, of the Salt Lake Saddlery company, is one of the most zealous and efficient of all the Utah boomers and immigration agents. He was brought here by W. E. Hubbard's faithful trumpet-blowing for the Holy Land. He came, he saw, and was conquered—as every intelligent man is, who comes and sees. He went into business, and has prospered greatly—in spite of goldbugger hellionisms. He wanted others to share his good fortune. He went to work to bring them—and he succeeded, as he does in everything he undertakes. The Utahnian lent him its aid—and it is a good aider, as he will testify. And the results are nearly a dozen excellent families added to the population of Zion within the last four or five months. The latest accessions to the census-roll of Saints are J. H. Atkinson and family, of Fairfield, Iowa, who have just come to make their home in Salt Lake City, and thank Boomer Black, for the rest of their lives, for leading them into the Promised Land.

One of the eloquent lady orators, at the great meeting Tuesday evening, declared, amid [applause] in brackets:

"Bryan has gone through the country building castles in the air, which, if the millenium could be ushered in, it would be impossible to fulfill."

The Utahnian quite agrees with her. It would certainly be difficult, if not impossible, to "fulfill" a "castle in the air."

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

Samples of Countless Journalistic Comments on Utah's Newspaperial Infant, Which is Fourteen Weeks Old Today, and Has Just Cut one of Its Wisdom-Teeth.

AND ACCURATE AS WELL.

The Pine Bluff (Arkansas) Commercial, September 12: The Utahnian refers to the goldbugs as "hellions," which is at least, a forcible way of putting it.

* * *

"BRAINS TO BURN."

The Fargo (Dakota) Argus, September 11: The last issue of Colonel Donan's Utahnian contains illustrations of Utah's judges and congressmen, with the explanatory note that it has "brains to burn."

* * *

"JUST AS CAUSTIC AS EVER."

The Wimbledon, (Dakota) News September 11: Pat Donan sends us his Utahnian all the way from Salt Lake City. It is a beautiful publication and the colonel is just as caustic as ever with his fiery pen. Donan stands for silver as he once stood for—North Dakota.

* * *

"WILL DO A VAST AMOUNT OF GOOD."

The Ogden Review, September 10: The Utahnian of last week had splendid articles from Judge Powers, C. C. Goodwin, T. G. Merrill and C. E. Allen on the great issue of the day. The Utahnian goes everywhere, and these letters and others, as well as the editorials, will do a vast amount of good.

* * *

"TOO HIGH IN BEAUTY'S REALM."

The Springville Independent, September 11: The secret of Pat Donan's failure to get a wife has finally dawned on our beclouded mind. He looks too high into beauty's realm, if we may judge by his choice in the selection of subjects for illustrating his Utahnian. Miss Edna Dwyer, of Salt Lake, is the latest selection for his frontispiece.

* * *

HE MEANT ALL HE SAID.

The Randolph (Kansas) Enterprise, September 10: A few days ago we received a copy of The Utahnian, a magazine printed in Salt Lake City, Utah. We were surprised to find that it had reprinted nearly all of our write-up of our visit to that city last July. We can assure our friends there, that we thought they deserved all the good things we said about them.

* * *

"THE BEST YET."

The Mount Pleasant Pyramid, September 10: Last week's issue of The Utahnian was the best yet. The front page was, as usual, embellished with the portrait of a Utah beauty. There were several able articles, accompanied by splendid portraits of the authors, by Judge Goodwin, on "Utah and Utahnians;" by C E. Allen, on "The One Great Issue;" by Judge Powers, on "Free Silver and Wage-Workers," and by Thomas G. Merrill, on "There Will Be No Cheap Dollars," besides Donan's original spice.

* * *

"BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL."

The Arkadelphia (Arkansas) Southern Standard, September 4: We have received several copies of The Utahnian, a bright and beautiful sixteen-page illustrated weekly, published at Salt Lake City, by our old friend Colonel P. Donan, the racy and inimitable wielder of the goose-quill. The paper is a red-hot advocate of free silver, and handles goldbugs without gloves. There is only one Pat Donan—he has no ditto—in short he is a whole team, with the band wagon attached. We were indeed glad to receive The Utahnian, and perused its bright pages with much pleasure. May success attend your efforts, colonel.

LETTERS, LETTERS,

Full of Generous Sentiments and Material Encouragement, Pouring in, Delugelike, Upon The Utahnian from Every Region Under Heaven.

If there ever were any doubts as to whether a far-western paper could be born with arms long enough to reach the world "over the ridge," beyond the Rockies and the Sierras, The Utahnian has certainly swept them away. It goes, today, into every region of the United States, and to nearly every part of the globe. It is, perhaps, as widely quoted and commented on as any paper in the country, and, judging by the steadily and rapidly increasing flood-tide of letters rolling in upon it, the interest it has aroused is daily extending, deepening, strengthening. Its whole space would hardly suffice to give an idea of these kind and cheering epistolary greetings and assurances. A very, very few must serve as samples of the many.

On a beautifully engraved and tinted postal card, showing the snow-crowned Alpine peaks, verdant valleys and sapphirean lakes of Switzerland, with the "edelweiss" in bloom along the glacier's edge, comes this characteristic greeting from one of the loveliest young girls America ever sent abroad to win the eyes and hearts of Europeans—one, whose portrait lent its beauty to the last Salon in Paris, and who has been toasted and feted all over the continent, but whose level American head and heart, unturned by all the adulation, have remained true to her own land:

Gruss von Rigi, Switzerland, August 27, 1896.

My Dear Colonel Donan: From the summit of the Rigi, I send you greeting. We have a sublime, entrancing view. There is snow on the mountain, and it is so cold my hands are numb; but my heart is warm for my own country and its people, and full of good wishes for you and "The Gem of the Rockies"—The Utahnian. Yours always sincerely, MYRTLE MCGREW.

The wonder is that, when such a girl soared a mile or two above the clouds, her young sister angels of a few stories higher had not met her, claimed her, and kept her. Little transformation would have been needed to turn such a terrestrial into a celestial. It is a scriptural declaration, that "man was made a little lower than the

A PRETTY LITTLE MISSISSIPPIAN.

FOUR-YEAR OLD MARY BUCHANAN.
Daughter of Captain J. W. Buchanan, of The Grenada, Mississippi, Sentinel.

angels"—and the truest and best type of American girl flies higher than any man the Almighty ever manufactured.

* * *

Salt Lake's estimable young esculapian, Dr. Whitney, pauses in his honeymoonatic tour, among the orange-groves of the Pacific slope, to send this pleasant greeting to The Utahnian:

San Diego, California, August 31, 1896.

Dear Mr. Donan: Won't you please send a copy of your silver issue to Judge J. F. Kinney, chairman of the County Democratic Central committee, San Diego, California? I want him to get a taste of your inimitable and forceful language, as it embodies thought of the highest order. Judge Kinney says: "Tell Mr. Donan that California is safe for Bryan by a large majority."

Yours very truly, E. W. WHITNEY.

The Utahnian takes pleasure in complying with your request, and several "silver issues"—for every issue is a silver issue—have been promptly sent to Judge Kinney. Every true patriot will join in the hope, that his assurance in regard to California may be realized.

* * *

A brief and businesslike communication from a young neighbor state:

Bunce & Iiams, Dealers in Lumber and Coal.
Lander, Wyoming, September 8, 1896.

The Utahnian Publishing Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find a draft for two dollars, as payment of a year's subscription to the Utahnian. Please acknowledge the receipt of it and oblige yours truly, A. M. BUNCE.

The receipt is acknowledged, and the paper goes.

* * *

A request, from a band of patriots in Nebraska, for The Utahnian brand of moral and political stimulus:

The W. J. Bryan Club.
Fremont, Neb., September 9, 1896.

Editor of The Utahnian.—Dear Sir: We have a copy of your paper here of August 22, and would like you to send us some sample copies. We would be pleased to have you send a copy of the paper to the W. J. Bryan Club, of Fremont, till after the election. Yours very truly, JAMES HUFF.

The sample copies have been sent with pleasure, and your club is "on the list."

* * *

The secretary of the Oregon Press Association sounds a silvery bugle-note, that there can be no mistaking:

Office of the Secretary of the Oregon Press Association,
Portland, Oregon, September 10, 1896.

My Dear Donan: Glad am I to receive The Utahnian glad am I that you are in the harness again, and more than glad am I that you are fighting for the freedom of the toiling masses. A man of your disposition, a man of your independence, and a man of your knowledge of every nook and corner of the United States, could not do otherwise. The United States *is!* Keep on in the good work, and future generations will rise from their cradles and call you blessed. Yours for an American system of finance—16 to 1,

ALBERT TOZIER, Secretary Oregon Press Association.

The Utahnian is glad, that you are glad on so many accounts. It will "keep on in the good work," no matter what the results this year, or next, or the year after that. It has enlisted for the war, and proposes to be on the field when Right and the People win—or to be borne off on its shield, past striking a blow, or caring when "hell breaks loose."

* * *

From the land that once was known as Ben-Harrison-and-Baby-McKee-dom—names long since forgotten by all but the statisticians:

Office of Hotel Golden, Elkhart, Ind., September 10, 1896.

Editor of The Utahnian, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Dear Sir: Will you kindly favor me with a sample copy of your paper? I am thinking of adding a couple more silver papers to my list, and yours has been recommended to me by a friend from your state. You will find stamps enclosed. Kindly give this your early attention, and you will oblige, R. F. MCKEY.

The copies you request have been sent with pleasure, and it is hoped you will find them come up to the representations of your Utah acquaintance.

* * *

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, The Utahnian is read, heeded, copied from, commented on, and written to. Here is a pleasant salutation from New England's "stern and rock-bound coast," and, immediately following it, a request from the golden strands of the occidental ocean:

Southern Rhode Island Press Club,
Providence, Rhode Island, September 6, 1896.

My Dear Colonel Donan: At the usual monthly meeting of the Southern Rhode Island Press Club yesterday, many members joined me in extending to you their best wishes for the greatest success in your labors to attract the attention of the world to the glorious natural advantages and resources, and the boundless prospects, of your new adopted state of Utah in general, and of Salt Lake City in particular.

Do you ever contemplate a visit to Florida, "land of sunshine and flowers"? If so, I want you to meet General Joseph Richardson, general passenger agent of the East Coast Line, Henry M. Flagler's railway, and Colonel N. M. Bowen, of Tallahassee.

Please send specimen copies of The Utahnian to them both. They are two of the brightest and most progressive men in the state.

Thanking you for past favors and courtesies, I remain, as ever,

Yours very truly, J. A. WEBB.

The Utahnian gratefully appreciates the good wishes of its brethren-in-inky-bonds—the noblest, least-paid, least-thanked band of workers in the world, in proportion to their services and merits. Why should any one leave Utah in search of "flowers and sunshine"? Every telegraph pole and walking-stick buds and blossoms and bears fruit, and the sunshine is perpetual and silvery as ever glinted on the tree-tops of Paradise,—in the Holy Land.

* * *

The last from the oriental shores; the next from the Golden Gate of the American occident:

712 Post Street, San Francisco, California,
September 13, 1896.

Publishers of The Utahnian, Salt Lake City, Utah. Gentlemen: Being much interested in the attractions and resources of your well-to-do and promising state, I take the liberty of asking you to mail me the book advertised in your "Information Bureau," on Utah and what it has to offer the sight seer and investor. Thanking you for it in advance, I remain Yours truly, GEORGE A. WILSON.

The book has been sent, and several extra copies of The Utahnian added for good measure.

* * *

The Utahnian scoffs at the old stereotyped newspaper rule, requiring the name of every author of a communication. If the matter of the article is to its notion, it is always ready to assume the responsibility of its publication. Here, in graceful feminine caligraphy, is a letter without signature, but which says things too pleasant to be lost in a waste-basket or pigeonhole:

Salt Lake City, September 8, 1896.

Colonel P. Donan, Editor of The Utahnian.—Dear Sir: Will you permit a Salt Lake girl to add her words of praise for your sparkling paper, to your already innumerable list of correspondents, which would lack completeness without a Mormon maiden's missive? How I have enjoyed reading the letters from your fair friends in foreign lands. It is said genius is never appreciated at home, but I assure you that the girls of Salt Lake appreciate having in their city a literary man who acknowledges that women's words are worthy of repetition—even in The Utahnian. Your enthusiastic

political eloquence is duly admired by the "free silver" fair ones, and, although the men may do the shouting, when election day comes the women of Utah will make their power felt by casting noble votes for the idol of the west, the hero of The Utahnian's editorial chair—William J. Bryan. Yours very sincerely, * *

The Utahnian would rather have the good opinion of one bright girl, one clever woman, than of any thousand so-called "eminent statesmen," that could be picked out between Buzzard's Bay and Yuba Dam! What true man, from the rising to the setting of the sun, ever doubted, doubts, or ever can doubt, "that women's words are worthy of repetition"? Half the history of the world and humanity—and by far the fairer and better half at that—consists of women's words and deeds. Every man's first small words are taught him by a woman's lips, his first griefs soothed by her, his first tears quenched by her, and his first prayers lisped at her knee—and his last sighs are breathed into a woman's ears and heart. God! the man is little better than a parricide, who is not a lover, an adorer of Woman in the abstract or the concrete—individually, as an enrapturing personality, or collectively, in the whole glorious, semi-divine aggregate! The Utahnian knows there will be no failure or disappointment when the battle-flag is run up to the masthead, announcing that "Utah expects every woman to do her duty!" It knows that duty will be done nobly, grandly, womanfully. It is in favor of disfranchising all the men, and turning the whole country and government over to the women. They certainly can never make a worse mess of a hemisphere's affairs, than their damphool husbands, fathers, sons and brothers have done!

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and brothers cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingled where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever are unfurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world!—
Or should be!

"TUNNEL RIDGE." Showing lower end of tunnel dump on the right and the downhill appearance of the stream and canyon on the left.

Big Cottonwood Power Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

And here, with hundreds more waiting—all just as worthy of attention, as lovely and as highly valued—lack of space compels a halt until next week.

Mrs. J. Ryan, of Butte, Montana, purchased three lots this week, on First West, in Walker's sub-division, for $1200. Mrs. Ryan will erect a handsome residence on the property and make this city her home. Forty lots have been sold to Colorado and Montana people in the same sub-division during the past sixty days, and many more new residences will soon be erected.

Those untiring rustlers for Utah and The Utahnian, Messrs. Smith & McMakin, of Butte, Montana, are here once more, with over two hundred prospectors, and seekers for homes and investments in the Holy Land. Only a month ago, they came bringing nearly three hundred stalwart and substantial citizens of the Mountain State with them, many of whom bought lands and homes, or sites for homes, in this region of the blest. The two indefatigable recruiting agents subscribed for a thousand copies of The Utahnian, as the most potent immigration-promoter they could find, returned to Butte, and went to work proclaiming the beauties and glories and riches of Zion and the Promised Land;—and here they are again with a whole train-load of would-be Saints. Among the crowd were two young people, Donald A. Todd and Miss Mary Zachmann, and Carl Smith engineered a romance and a wedding with them as the hero and heroine. They arrived, with the great excursion party, Monday morning, were married by Dr. Iliff, of the Methodist church, bought two lots for a residence site in Oakley, subscribed and paid for The Utahnian, and started back to Butte on their bridal trip, Monday evening—all in one day! And that is the way things are done in "the free, bounding west" Smith says there is nothing like a wedding to lend interest to a homeseekers' excursion.

FOR SALE--REAL ESTATE.

Walker's Subdivision, a beautiful residence location, six blocks from postoffice and only seven blocks from business center. Well built up with fine residences; three electric car lines; shade trees; city water, etc. Lots 33x138 feet to alley, $400 to $450 each. $25 cash, $10 per month.
HOFFMAN & RICHTER, 53 W. 2nd So. St.

Forty lots sold in Walker's Subdivision during the past sixty days; building up rapidly; these lots will double in price in the next two years; now only $400 to $450. Monthly payments.
HOFFMAN & RICHTER 53 W. 2nd So. St.

Twenty acres, sixteen miles south of Salt Lake City, small house; two acres to choice fruit One and a half miles from Draper, a beautiful fruit settlement; three and a half miles from large smelters giving an excellent market. Price $1600; easy payments. Thirty acres adjoining, with water, no improvements, $1200
W. E. HUBBARD, 41 W. 2nd So. St.

Oakley, one of the choicest close-in residence subdivisions in Salt Lake City only twelve minutes drive from business center. High, dry, elegant view of city, mountains and valley. Lots 25x150 feet to alley, $100 to $200 each $10 a month without interest.
W E HUBBARD, 41 W 2nd So. St.

SALT LAKE HARDWARE Co.

42 and 44 W. Second South Street. Telephone No. 204.

WE DESIRE TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING FACTS:

That we have the largest and best selected stock of hardware in the State of Utah. That we are headquarters for Mining and Milling Supplies, Powder, Fuse and Caps, Iron, Steel and Nails, Blacksmith Supplies, Builders' Hardware, Cutlery and Hardware Novelties, Ranges, Heating & Cooking Stoves, Fire Arms, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle.

That we are leaders in hard time prices. That we NEED MONEY, and will for the NEXT THIRTY DAYS sell for cash at manufacturer's cost, with freight added.

Mail orders solicited.

SALT LAKE HARDWARE CO., INC.

The Templeton....

Salt Lake City's Leading Hotel.

A Praiseworthy Institution.

The American Trade Journal says: The fact that the fullest investigation is made before a report is printed in our columns, and that the interests of readers alone are consulted, gives a value to such editorial endorsements as we see fit to bestow that can scarcely be over estimated. That such commendations are infinitely more trustworthy than are "write-ups" or any variety of paid puffs goes without question.

Such principles have been adhered to in a most searching examination of the Hotel Templeton, Salt Lake City's leading hotel, which enjoys the distinction of being the only hotel located close to all the old Mormon points of interest that have made Salt Lake City famous throughout the earth. This elegant hotel is located just across the street from the Temple Square, the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle the old Tithing Office and grounds the Lion and Beehive houses, and but one block from Eagle Gate and Brigham's grave; in the same block with the Brigham Young Theater, Amelia Palace or Gardo House; on Main street, adjoining the great stores of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

As a result of fair and painstaking search, we do not hesitate to select this admirable institution, and freely and unreservedly to endorse it to every reader who seeks the best and highest and who would secure the greatest return upon his investment; for this excellent establishment has undoubtedly solved the important question of maximum returns combined with minimum cost. Moreover, it is ably managed and thorough in its methods and equipment; in fact, all that could be asked or desired. Hence, we do not hesitate to commend it in unqualified terms. We have no greater interest in this institution than in any other of its kind, but having by unbiased investigation assured ourselves of its superiority and worth, we consider it a duty to our subscribers to make such supreme merit more widely known through these columns. Those who are interested should write for full printed information, which will will be promptly sent upon application to Don. H. Porter, proprietor.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.

Many people unacquainted with the geography of the west imagine that because "Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul" are names used in the corporate title of the railway owning the Short Line between Chicago and Omaha, they must go via the cities of Milwaukee and St. Paul to reach their destination—if it be Chicago or east thereof. This is a mistaken idea. On a map the line running directly east and west would look like this,

Omaha ———————————— Chicago.

There is nothing more simple than that, and it is less than 500 miles between Omaha and Chicago. Two through trains daily in each direction with the best Sleeping Car and Dining Car Service and all regular travelers know and appreciate the merits of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway's Short Line between the East and the West.

For maps, time tables and information generally, call on or address Alex. Mitchell, Commercial Agent. Salt Lake City, Utah.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH WOOLENS

F. F. MAROHN,

232 S. MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY. . . . . Importing Tailor.

Sacred Heart Academy,

OGDEN, UTAH.

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N. 24 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET.

Address all communications to

ED. A. FRANKS, Superintendent, Box 674, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

For the Year ending December 31, 1895, of the condition of the

Lloyds Plate Glass Insurance Company, of N. Y.

Made to the Secretary of the State of Utah, in pursuance of the Laws relating to Insurance Companies.

1	The name and locality of the company, Lloyds Plate Glass Insurance Company, of New York City, State of New York.	
2	The amount of its capital stock is	$250,000 00
3	The amount of its capital stock paid up is	250,000 00
4	The amount of its assets is	670,466 49
5	The amount of its liabilities (including capital) is	492,993 64
6	The amount of its net surplus over all liabilities is	177,472 85
7	The name of its agent or attorney, residing in this State, upon whom service of process in any civil action against said company may be made is Wm. A. Robertson.	
8	The receipts during the year were	418,815 77
9	The expenditures during the year were	387,417 95

CHAS. CHRISTENSEN, Manager Pacific Dept.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

Chas. Christensen, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the above described officer of said company, and that the foregoing statement of the general condition of said company on said thirty-first day of December, 1895, is correct according to the best of his information, knowledge and belief, respectively.

CHAS. CHRISTENSEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eight day of July, A. D. 1896.

JAMES L. KING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

STATE OF UTAH, Office of the Secretary of State. } ss.

I, JAMES T. HAMMOND, Secretary of State of the State of Utah, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the annual statement of the general condition of the above named insurance company, filed in my office on the 17th day of July, 1896, in pursuance of the Laws of this State relating to insurance companies.

SEAL.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto affixed the Great Seal of the State of Utah, at Salt Lake City, this 4th day of August, 1896.

J. T. HAMMOND, Secretary of State.

We are on the Spot :: ::
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No. 41 W. SECOND SOUTH STREET,

P. O. BOX 1266.
TELEPHONE 97.
CABLE ADDRESS "WINDSOR"

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

.....Branch Office, Mercur, Utah.

Salt Lake References:
R. G. DUN & CO
W. S. McCORNICK & CO., BANKERS
WALKER BROS., BANKERS
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

Utah Central Railway

SHORT LINE TO PARK CITY . . .

GENERAL OFFICE:
202 Whittingham Building.

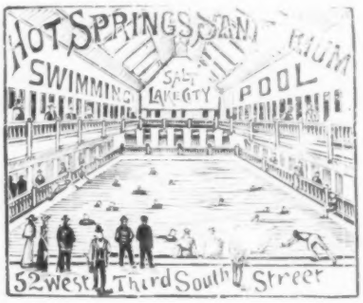
Daily Trains as follows:

No. 2 leaves Salt Lake ..... 8.00 a.m.
No. 2 arrives Park City ..... 10.20 a.m.
No. 1 leaves Park City ..... 4.00 p.m.
No. 1 arrives Salt Lake ..... 6.15 p.m.

Depot, Main and Eighth South streets.

J. McGregor, Clarence Cary, } Receivers.

F. E. SHAFER,
Gen'l Freight and Pass Agent.



ANALYSIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 31, 1893.

The Salt Lake Hot Springs Sanitarium Co.:

The water you submitted to me from the Salt Lake Hot Springs Sanitarium for analyzing contains as follows:

Gas, Carbonic Acid	1/3 vol.	
Solids in one gallon:		
Chloride of Sodium	245.357	grains
" Potassium	1.750	"
" Calcium	11.340	"
" Magnesium	25.55[illegible]	"
Sulphate of Sodium	11.025	"
" Potassium	trace.	
" Calcium	35.140	"
" Magnesium	17.374	"
Carbonate of Sodium	8.771	grains
" Potassium	0.7[illegible]0	"
" Calcium	6.475	"
" Iron	0.350	"
Silica	1.260	"
Alumina	0.140	"
Bromine	traces.	
Total	365.232	grains

It is a thermal spring, which must be classified among the best known in the United States on account of the medicinal properties therein. Cures can be effected by drinking it and bathing in it.

Respectfully yours,
H. Hirsching, Chemist.

The efficacy of these waters has been demonstrated in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel, lead poisoning, catarrh, dysentery, gout, indigestion, nervous prostration and incipient lung troubles. These waters can be used internally, and are particularly beneficial in all diseases based on uric acid diathesis.

Sanitarium and Bath Resort....

In the very heart of Salt Lake City and only a few rods from all the principal hotels.

....The HAWES ENGRAVING COMPANY

62 W. Second South St., Salt Lake City.

Half-Tone & Photo-Zinc-Etching, Designing, Electrotyping, Stereotyping.

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He diagnoses disease free. He sells remedies that cure when all others fail. Try one month's treatment of the wonderful remedies he has on sale, and you will never use any other. Try the female regulator, safe and sure; never fails. Lovers re-united and speedy relief for all.

Ladies, beautify your complexion by using Prof. Stoddard's Cocatine. Remedies for sale for rheumatism and stomach troubles that cure the most difficult case in from one to six months.

Readings by mail, $2.00.
Readings at office, $1.00.

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Telephone No. 536, long distance. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Burlington Route

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St. Joseph, Atchison & Kansas City,

TO AND FROM ALL POINTS IN UTAH.

Free Reclining Chairs. Pullman Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars.

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OMAHA, 32¾ hours. 11 hours quicker than any other line.
ST. PAUL, 47½ hours 12 hours quicker than any other line.
CHICAGO, 47¾ hours. 12 hours quicker than any other line.
ST. LOUIS, 47½ hours. 11 hours quicker than any other line.

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Pullman Palace Sleepers
Pullman Tourist Sleepers
Pullman Buffet Library and Smoking Cars
Free Reclining Chair Cars
Elegant Day Coaches

Leaving Salt Lake City at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M.
every day in the year.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 201 MAIN ST.

D. E. BURLEY, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. D. S. TAGGART, Trav. Pass. Agt.

THE RIO GRANDE GREAT SALT LAKE ROUTE WESTERN RAILWAY

CURRENT · TIME · TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1896.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and all points east. . 7:50 a.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east . . . . . 7:40 p.m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Salina, Richfield and all intermediate points . . . . . 1:30 p.m
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points . . . . . 5:30 p.m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo, and all intermediate points. . 5:00 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and west . . . . . 11:45 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the west . . . . . 12:25 p.m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the east . . . 12:15 p.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east . . . . . 11:35 p.m
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Richfield, Salina, Manti and all intermediate points . . . . . 5:25 p.m
No. 2—From Ogden and the west . . . . . 7:40 a.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west— . . . . . 7:30 p.m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points . . . . . 9:40 a.m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points. . 9:55 a.m

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points. Through tourist or family sleepers without change to Kansas City, Chicago and Boston. Free reclining chair cars, Salt Lake City to Denver. No change. Close connections. Safety, speed and comfort.

TICKET OFFICE, 15 West Second South Street.

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. S. H. BABCOCK, Traffic Manager.
F. A. WADLEIGH, General Passenger Agent.

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PACIFIC
SYSTEM.

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IMMIGRATION
AGENT.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Correspondence solicited regarding prices of city and farm property and the many opportunities for profitable investments in Utah.

READY REFERENCE TO RELIABLE FIRMS OF SALT LAKE CITY.

Compiled for the convenience of out-of-town patrons. The Utahnian is prepared to vouch for the responsibility and business integrity of firms represented in this directory. Orders intrusted to them by mail will receive the same attention as if given in person In writing always state that you saw card in The Utahnian Directory. If you don't see what you are looking for, write to The Utahnian.

ABSTRACT OF TITLES.

Security Abstract Co., Deseret Nat'l Bank Bldg.
E. W. Genter, 150 South Main Street.
Utah Title Insurance & Trust Co., 160 S. Main St.

ASSAYERS.

F. M. Bishop, 52 W. Second South.
R. H. Officer & Co., 169 S. West Temple.
J. W. Currie, 159 Main St.

ATTORNEYS.

Twomey & Twomey, 8 and 9 Commercial Blk.
C. Ira Krebs, 218 S. Main St.
T. C. Bailey, Land Attorney, Salt Lake City.
J. H. Murphy, General Law Business, Rooms 1 and 32, Eagle Block.
Morris Sommer, ex-United States Commissioner. Rooms 1, 31, 32 Eagle Block.
Holzheimer & Davies, Rooms 58, 59 Commercial Block.

BADGES AND MEDALS.

Salt Lake Stamp Co., Seals, Stencils and Stamps, 133 W. Second South. Up to date styles and methods.

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Zion's Savings Bank & Trust Co., corner Main and South Temple.

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A. W. Caine & Co., 62 W. 2d South.

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Godbe-Pitts Drug Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Salt Lake City, Utah. Geo. T. Brice, President. Established 1855. Incorporated 1885.

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GUNSMITHS.

M. R. Evans, 22-24 W. 2d South.

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Simon & Lowe, 205 S. West Temple St.

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Mt. Nebo Land and Irrigation Co., 305 Atlas Blk. Detailed information furnished on application.

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Utah Liquor Co., Agents Val. Blatz Milwaukee Beers.

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McCoy's Stables, next Lyceum Theatre, 39 W. Second South St. Tel. 81. Livery and Boarding.

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Richard L. Colburn, 15 W. 2d South. Tel. 670. Member Salt Lake Stock and Mining Exchange.

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O'Donnell & Co., 269 S. West Temple.
Skewes Undertaking Co., 25 East 3rd South.

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Consolidated Implement Co. Houses at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan and Milford, Utah, and Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Information Bureau of The Utahnian will mail, free, to any address, book entitled "Resources and Attractions of Utah," and will give detailed information regarding prices of City and Farm Property, etc., upon application.